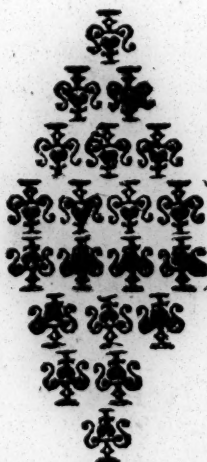


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Divine Hymns,
And other Extempory
POEMS.

By R. C.



L O N D O N : Printed for the Author, 1695.

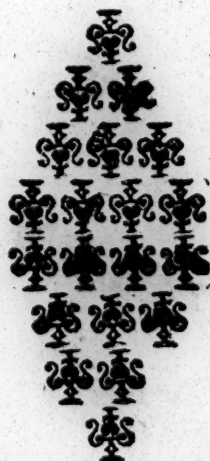


T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

12

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Thy

Divine Hymns

And other

EX TEMPORE

POEMS.

I H Y M N.

THe Song of Songs, Great *Solomon*,
To sing thou didst inspire ;
Great King of kings, let me partake
Of like Cœlestial Fire.

Oh kiss me with thy kisses sweet,
More sweet than Flowry Morn ;
For which, all other Pleasures I
Will cast away in Scorn.

Each fragrant Rose its prickles hath,
Encompass'd is with Brire ;
But no such hurtful mixture is
In the Blessings I desire.

Thy Love more strength and vigor gives
Than doth the generous Wine ;

A 2

Though

Though in the Grape's a Treasures hid,
I cannot now define.

The Chafest Virgins purest Love,
Great King they give to thee,
Because the favour of thy Balm
Pours forth most fragrantly.

Not all the Spice of *India*,
Nor yet *Mount Gileads* Balm,
Sends forth a Breath, an Air so sweet,
So soft, and pure, and so calm.

Attract my Soul by thy great power ;
Draw me with Cords of Love ;
In ardent Flames I will ascend :
My Magnet is above.

Like Tents of Kedar, pure and white,
And most exactly plac'd ;
So are all things as made by thee,
And with thy Presence grac'd

Like Curtains of great *Solomon*
Most Glorious to behold,
So hath my Love adorned me
And deckt with finest Gold.

I'm black alas, I am very black,
And of a darksom hue,
Because the Sun with his bright Beams,
Hath pierc'd me through and through.

Yet

Yet in this black and darksome Vail,
 Such Comeliness doth shine
 That makes me know it is my Love,
 It is his Light Divine.

Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*
 Oh do not look on me,
 Look on my Love, for in his Face
 You'll all my Beauty see.

Like Horses that Kings Chariots draw.
 So is my Love to me ;
 What is so strong as are such Steeds ?
 And none so stately be.

Where dost thou make thy Flocks to feed,
 In Pasture fresh and clean,
 More sweet than all the Verdant Fields
 Or Flowry Meads I've seen.

Oh tell me where thou mak'st thy Flocks
 To rest themselves at Noon,
 Could I but find some close recess,
 I would run to it soon.

Thou fairest Woman of thy Sex,
 More fair than *Egypt's* Queen ;
 Or all the Beauties on the Earth
 Have been or shall be seen.

If thou wouldst Rest and Safety find,
 And know where best to feed ;

Follow the foot-steps of the Flock,
Run after them with speed.

Go nearer to the Shepherds Tents,
There is no need to fear
The Fox, the Wolf, nor other Beast.
That us'd the Sheep to tear.

There thou may'st feed thy Kids and Lambs,
And Sheep that are with young;
In Vails amongst the Myrtles sweet,
And lofty Ceders strong.

Thy Cheeks like rows of precious Gems,
By Hands of Artists set;
Casts forth a Lustre far more bright,
When they with Tears are wet.

We'll make thee Borders, Chains of Gold,
With Studs of Silver bright;
Thou may'st attend upon the King,
Find favour in his sight.

When the Great King at Table sits,
My Spiknard gives a scent
Not from the impure mixed four,
But one pure Element.

The Vineyards of *Engedy*, when
They'r fill'd with Champhire white,
Sends forth a fragrant wholesome smell
For Profit and Delight.

So my Beloved's all to me,
 That I can wish or need ;
 He's Physick to me when I'm sick,
 He's Food when I would feed.

Like meek and peaceful lonely Doves
 With languor in their Eyes,
 Mourn for their absent loved Mates,
 Meet them with sweet surprise.

So is my Spouse when she doth turn
 Her love-sick Eyes to me ;
 They'r fair, but chaste as are the Doves
 In their Minority.

The strong and lofty Cedar tops
 Their strength and sweetness give
 To Beams for Royal Palaces,
 Where the King and Queen do live.

The upright Firr-tree Rafters make
 For this blest Mansion Seat ;
 But to describe it, is a work
 By far for me too great.

II HYMN.

A H blessed Jesus, let me see thy Face,
 Let me draw near unto thy holy place.
 With Wings of Eagles let me mount on high,
 There to behold thy bright Divinity.

Tho' I am here encompassed with Clay,
 Let me behold the dawning of thy day ;

Shine forth O Lord from th' centre of my heart,
Let Light Divine fill me in every part.

Oh fill my Soul with thy Cælestial fire,
With thy pure Spirit do thou me inspire ;
That I may sing and bleſs thy Holy Name,
And may return to thee thy own pure flame.

I will retrun to thee my love, my All,
Be always ready to obey thy Call.
Write in my Heart the Royal Law of Love,
That whilst below I may be like thoſe above.

Whoſe bleſt employment is to love and ſing
Hallelujahs to our Heavenly King.
Now I will joyn with this moſt bleſſed Choir,
With them I'll praife, with them I will admire.

Oh bleſſed Father, let me always dwell
With holy Angels, and with *Emanuel* ;
In his bleſt Land, O there is always peace,
He gives light for darkneſs, cauſes wars to ceaſe

Oh holy, holy, is the Lord, for he,
Gives life from death, he ſets the Priſoner free.
Unbind my fettered Soul, that it may be
Above the Earth and Materiality.

Oh bleſſed God, let me hear thy ſtill Voice,
Let me with *Mary* make the better choice,
That I may ſit and hear thy Sacred Word,
Which is to me a ſharp two-edg'd Sword.

Dividing 'twixt the Marrow and the Bone,
 Thou art my Rock and my chief corner stone.
 I'll build on thee, on a foundation sure.
 That will always from age to age endure.

III *HTMN.*

Such works I'd build as may abide the fire,
 When into secret thoughts thou dost enquire;
 Purge me from dross, Lord take away my sin,
 Let me be made all glorious within

Great Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Thou mak'st my dry and thirsty Earth to sing,
 And in the Desert causes a new spring.

Awake my Soul, and sing *Jehovah's* Praise,
 Who giveth life and from the dead doth raise;
 Mercy and Goodness are in all his ways.

He doth behold us when we are most low,
 And makes Spirit in our Souls to flow;
 The day of his Power he doth make us know.

He sees our dry bones, and says to them live,
 And we arise by the power that he does give,
 And by the Virtue we from him receive.

Now Holy Father bless thy Sacred Cause,
 Make great Men bow unto thy Holy Laws;
 And feel the Virtue that our Soul now draws.

IV *HTMN.*

I Will retire O Lord to thee,
 Let me behold thy Majesty:

Let

Let me see that thou art nigh
To those who to themselves do die.

Lord I am nothing of my self,
Nor am I rich with worldly pelf;
But I have a Treasure in thee in store,
Which I discover more and more.

In thee I've Wisdom, Life and Light,
Thou discoverest wonders to my glimring
(light
Draw back the Curtain, unvail thy Face,
That I may know thou art in this place.

Great God I know thou art every where,
Not afar off, but thou art near;
But we poor Mortals by sin are blind,
That our true rest we cannot find.

Till by thy Spirit thou lead'st the way,
Not suffering us to go astray;
Thou lead'st us to the Flocks of Sheep,
Which our Great Shepherd doth safely keep;

Thou lead'st us to the pleasant Spring,
Where Angels always sit and sing;
And where we hear the pleasant Voice
Of such as do greatly rejoyce.

And none have greater than we
To joyn in this most blessed Harmony;
For thou hast redeemed us from the Earth,
And made us live in the new birth.

Great God, I will fall down before
 Thy Mercy-Seat, and thee adore ;
 Blest Saints and Angels they do so,
 Who most thy Power and Beauty know.

V H T M N.

Sweet Jesus, come away come, my dear Lord,
 Make now no longer stay, thou living
 Set up thy Throne in me, (word:
 Let all the Nations flee
 That will not bow to thee
And thee Adore.

Praise shall be sung in me to thy Great Name,
 That I do feel the power of thy pure flame;
 Let it me purifie,
 And bring my Soul more nigh
 To the blest'd Deity,
Who I adore.

Now to the Unity my Soul shall come,
 And to the Trinity which is but one ;
 To his Heart I will fly,
 And there at rest will lie,
 To all Eternity
Will him adore.

I will be silent, let thy Spirit speak,
 Or else my heart, my very heart will break ;
 For thou dost so my Soul with new Wine fill,
 That I am feasted upon *Sion Hill*.
 O how can I thy wondrous works declare,
 For I am fed with more than Angels fair.

Eternal

VI *HTMN.*

ETernal Fountain of Divine sweetness,
 We do feel thy Virtue flow ; (sures,
 Thou show'st us the ground of hidden trea-
 And thy wonders dost make us know.
 We feel thy life in us arise,
 To wait on thee 'tis not in vain ;
 We will sell all to buy the Field,
 This precious Pearl that we may gain.
 And having gotten this Heavenly treasure,
 All other things for it despise ;
 Thou givest it to thy little Children,
 Hidest it from the worldly wise.

VII *HTMN.*

I Sing the praise of the Eternal One,
 I know besides him there is none,
 No sort of Being that can say,
 It hath its life another way.
 But from this deep Abyfal ground,
 The life of all things may be found ;
 To flow out from their Eternal Source,
 As Springs do from their water-course.
 Springs may wander, Sheep may stray,
 The Sun be clouded at Noon-day ;
 The Shepherd seeks the straying Sheep,
 'Tis not the Clouds the Sun can keep.
 From shining forth so gloriously bright,
 As to dispel their darksom night.

Great

Great waters from the Sea do flow,
And back unto it swiftly go.

So our Great *Alpha*, and *Omega* too,
Tho' we like Birds from their Nest flew;
Wander about to find out rest,
We must return ere we are blest.

And now I am inspir'd by thee,
Blest Spirit, I'll praise the *One, Two, Three*;
For in the Eternal One doth lie
The all-mysterious *Trinity*.

VIII *HYMN*.

MY Soul shall sing *Jehovah's* Praise,
Let that great Name my spirit raise;
That I may with the Angels joyn,
To sing a Hymn that is Divine.

That I may reach the Seraphick Choir,
Being quickened by the same pure fire.
Which makes them sing, and make them love
In their Harmonious Orbs above.

Let such high Praise in Heaven abound,
May make Earth eccho to the sound;
That all the Creatures here below,
The mighty power of Love may know.

Good will to Man so doth appear,
That makes him know his God is near;
To save poor Mankinds fallen Race,
And bring him to his Native place.

IX HYMN.

YE Heaven-born Souls and Spirits free,
 How sweet is the law of liberty,
 When Christ our Head doth set us free!
 Free from the Law of death and sin,
 And does bring Life and Righteousness in ;
 The day of God does in us begin.
 A day so clear and glorious bright,
 That it does dazle our weak sight,
 And does dispel all shades of night.
 Now Lord, shed forth more glorious Rays,
 Let it be the light of seven days ;
 And then we will fall down and Praise.
 All Creatures now with us rejoyce,
 In God who is our only choice ;
 For we have heard his powerful Voice.
 Call us from all things here below,
 The day of his power to make us know,
 And cause his Spirit in us to flow.

X HYMN.

Spring up, O Well, now spring in me,
 Let me refreshed by thy waters be ;
 I feel thy holy quickening breath,
 That brings me from the Gates of Death.
 Thy wind blows freely, thy water's sweet,
 The power of thy flames are great ;
 Thy breath, thy fire, thy water-spring,
 Is the life and birth of every thing.

Out-

Outward and inward both do grow,
 By thy pure waters overflow ;
 If thou withdrawest thy quick'ning breath,
 There's naught remains in me but death.
 Do thou with fire me now baptise,
 That I may be a whole burnt Sacrifice ;
 And into Ashes I would turn
 If thou my God wouldst be my Urn.

XI HYMN.

YE Angels pure, and Spirits fine,
 Who in great lustre now do shine,
 Let us all sing a Song Divine.

To our great God, and our great King,
 Who is the life of every thing,
 And makes our life and light to spring.

Now let us all bow down and fall
 Before the Throne Imperial ;
 Before the Father of us all.

XII. HYMN.

THe Lamb his Conquest will maintain ,
 His Kingdom does begin to arise ;
 O let us follow this Conqueror ,
 'Till we do gain the glorious Prize.

High Praises shall be sung by me,
 That the Lamb hath got the Victory ;
 The Lamb is set upon his Throne,
 And the day of *Pentecost* is known.

High Praises now our Souls shall sing,
 To Great *Jehovah's* Glorious Name ;

In Heavenly eccohs the Angels sing,
At the very mention of the same.

XIII HYMN.

IN silent waiting I do find,
A Treasure opens in my mind,
Turn in my Soul, turn in and see,
The fulness of this treasury.

'Twas placed here by thee, O Lord,
'Tis opened by thy living Word,
'Tis he himself does keep the Key
Of all this Sacred Mystery.

'Tis he does in the Centre dwell,
The Holy light *Emanuel* ;
He is my *Sun* of Righteousness,
Who my whole Person does possess.

He is my Gold tried in the Fire ;
He is my Cloathing, my Attire.
He is my Food, on him I feed,
And find him to be Meat indeed.

My God I hear thy powerful Call,
That doth redeem me from the Fall :
In Passive stillness I do stand,
Till I am moved by thy strong Hand.
In holy silence I will wait,
Till I do know a more perfect state.

How

HYMN IV.

How beautiful it is and sweet,
 When Jesus in our Walks we meet ;
 He doth our Souls with love embrace,
 And leads us into his secret Place,
 Where he will shew to us his love,
 And gives us the nature of the Dove ;
 The Dove-like Life, the Dove-like Fire,
 Which our whole persons does inspire,
 That we may speak, that we may act
 by the Virtue of this strong compact.
 When the Spirit all our works does do,
 Then mighty Wonders will ensue.

Lord, let us be like coals of fire,
 Whose pure Loveflame mounts higher, higher, }
 Till we do reach the Seraphick Quire.

'Tis in great order they do move
 In the brights Orbs of light above ;
 In the Ocean of Divine love.

They will teach our Souls to sing,
 Hallelujahs to our Great King,
 To whom we now our Offerings bring ;
 The first fruits of our *Canaan* Land ;
 Lord, with them we before thee stand,
 Do thou receive them at our hand :

The first fruits of our Increase ;
 A little Love, a little Peace ;
 Lord, let these Blessings never cease.

O let all shadows flee away,
That we may see that glorious Day,
That never, néver shall decay.

HYMN XV.

A Fire doth our Altar burn,
Which when into it we do turn,

Our Souls do mingle with the Fire,
And we ascend in pure desire ;

That healing Virtue may on us fall,
Let us not be like Priests of *Baal*,

When they for heavenly Fire did cry,
Found they did worship a false Deity.

Let us be like thy Prophets, who
Thy Urim, and thy Thummim knew.

Thy light and fire, both which do give
Power to say to the Dead, live.

*On the Death of my Worthy Friend,
Mr. G. C.*

SEE how he smiles he's gone to rest
Amongst the Spirits of the Blest.
My panting Soul does long to be
From gross and drossy Matter free.

That with him I may learn to sing,
High praises to our Glorious King.
Sing praises to the God of love,
Who is exalted far above.

All Praises, Ardors, or Desire,
Though quickened by Cœlestial fire;
But stay, my Soul, why dost thou soar,
Thou art but Gold yet in the Oar,

Till by the Fire thou art refin'd,
From earthy Fæces, and calcin'd.

What won't abide, must suffer loss,
The Fire takes away all Dross.

When thou art pure and unmixt,
And in the blessed Center fixt;

Then

Then thou may'st sing, and utter praise
 To Him that does Dead Bodies raise,
 And makes them Gloriously to shine,
 And so, Dear Saint, 'twill be with thine.

*On the Death of Mr. R. B. some time
 after Mr. COCKAIN.*

WHat! such another Saint as this,
 Are you together gone to Bliss?
 Did you join in strong Desire,
 To fly to yon Celestial Quire?
 Tell me what your Songs now are,
 Teach me the Harmonious air,
 In which you triumph o're the Grave,
 While you Adore him that do's save.

Now you like glorious Lights do shine,
 With a Lustre more Divine;
 'Cause you did sons to Glory turn,
 Here is the Ashes, here's the Urn:
 Yet turn your eye, Look, look on High,
 There these two Glorious Stars you'll spy.

How sweet it is to feel loves fire;
Arise into a strong Desire,
That never, never will expire.

But do's increase into a Flame
That makes us bless and praise thy Name,
And thy great Wonders to proclaim;

For thou hast done for us Great things,
Thou tread'st on the necks of Mighty Kings,
And out of Death a new Life springs;

A life that conquers Death and Hell,
By the power of our *Emmanuel*,
Who now in us is come to dwell:

A life that in our Souls outflows
In the lowly Lilly, and Sharon Rose,
And much more Sweets in our garden grows.

Come our Beloved with us sup,
Let's drink of thy Love-flaming cup,
That we can never drink all up.

But in pure new Flames do's arise,
That our whole Persons do's baptize,
And makes us a living Sacrifice.

An HYMN.

THe power of Life we now do feel,
 Is of thy Sacred love a Seal.
 Set us a Signet on thy hand,
 That in thy presence may always stand.

We feel the warmth of a glorious ray,
 From the opening of thy lightsome day.
 Now glorious Sun, do thou on us shine,
 And cloath us with thy light divine.

That all our shadows away may flee,
 At the presence of thy Majesty,
 That we no longer may endure,
 That which is mixt or is impure.

But since this happy Day is known,
 And thou art set upon thy Throne.
 Let us the Trial Lord, abide,
 And love the fire by which we are try'd.

The coming of our Lord draws near,
 O let us watch and pray,
 That when his glorious Day appears,
 We mayn't be found to stray;
 Let's trim our Lamps, our Garments clean,
 And round about us tied,
 Be girt with Truth and Righteousness;
 Put off Self-love and Pride.

None is so Holy as the Lord,
 Nor none so Great as he.
 Let me behold thy wondrous Works.
 In the Universal Harmony,
 From the bright Orbs where Angels are
 In full Felicity.
 To the lowest circles on the Earth
 Is a Universal Harmony.

From the most High and holy Place,
 Above the glassy Sea,
 To the lowest center of the Earth
 Is a Universal Harmony.

Let God arise, his Enemies shall fly,
 He is enthron'd, and deckt with Majesty;
 He is encompassed with purest Light;
 See how his Foes do fly, they're vanquisht quite.

Let God arise, his powerful Scepter sway,
 Were near th' approach of his most glorious day.
 He is arisen from his holy place,
 See how his Fo's do fly before his face.

O who can stand before the Son of Man,
 He comes his floor to purge, the wheat to fan,
 The Chaff shall fly before his holy wind,
 Nothing but what is pure shall be left behind.

F I N I S.

(82)

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